

Snow Glass

It was strange to find the glass, and funny it was
the size of a basketball, a sort of
crystal orb thing with nothing visible within apart from
shadows and mini-lightning storms that seemed
like evil teeth or petrified spaghetti,
pasta fingers of super-bright ivory, light and
clouds so intestinal and black they looked like a funhouse door
at a demon park.

But I tried to look in that impressionable orb, having found
it early this afternoon, stuck in the snow
stuck in a tree
in a blanket of blizzard from way last night,
and here on such a tall tall mountain in such a large fenced square
and I wonder about the orb, what
it wants or needs and whether I should take the Tatra Aeroluge into
town, since I bought the vehicle from an iPhone
which is ironic, I guess.

So I put the big ball into the cab and stash it
and cruise through drifts and powdery trees while
the orb itself makes color change to a sort of lemon tone
which I guess means it's
happy.